

THE STATE FAIR

Kentucky People All Agog Over Coming Event.

A HANDSOME PRIZE LIST

Thirty Thousand Dollars Offered in Prizes for Week of September 13th to 18th.

Details of Some of the Chief Attractions to Be Presented This Year.

Thirty thousand dollars makes a very handsome prize list. This amount will be offered at the Seventh annual Kentucky State Fair, which is scheduled for the week of September 13th to 18th, inclusive. The marvelous piece of work accomplished in the incomparably short time of three months last season, in which the largest, most useful and most beautiful show pavilion in the world, and a permanent grand stand of steel and concrete construction were erected, a model half mile race track was built, and some forty or more buildings of a more temporary nature, for the housing of all livestock, agricultural, horticultural exhibits, etc., were completed, is fresh in the minds of those who witnessed last year's exhibition. With the addition of beautiful roadways, flower beds and installation of electric lights in the pavilion for the use of horse show and hippodrome performances in the evening, the grounds will present a grander and more brilliant spectacle this year. In nearly every department, the number of classes have been increased and more liberal prizes are offered. This is especially true in the beef, cattle and poultry departments, in each of which the total money offered is probably thirty per cent larger than last year.

The special prizes are much more attractive and represent a greater value than ever before. The honor and prestige of winning many of these trophies is infinitely greater than the intrinsic value of the prize itself. The special lists include the "Highland Home" cup, which is donated by Gay Bros. of Pisgah, Ky., for the best and finest saddle bred foal of 1909; the American saddle horse breeders' association trophy for registered stallion or mare three years old or under; the Montgomery chief special of \$125 offered by Ball Bros., Versailles, Ky., for the finest and best stallion, mare or gelding any age by Montgomery; Chief, the \$1,000 Kentucky farmer saddle horse futurity for saddle bred foals of 1909, the only saddle horse futurity in existence, which closed April 1st with 225 nominations; the commissioner of agriculture saddle horse special, value at \$200 for the best five galloped saddle stallion, mare or gelding three years old or over; a handsome cup for the champion roadster, given by Mr. Basil Doerhoefer of Louisville; the Dr. McChord cup for the best herd of jack stock offered by Mr. W. P. Hayes of Bloomfield, Ky.; the grand silver trophy offered by the American Berkshire Swine Association for best young herd of Berkshires exhibited by Kentucky breeder, which is the coveted honor of the show among Berkshire breeders in every state; an aggregate sum of nearly \$400 given by Commissioner Rankin for all the leading standard varieties of poultry; a silver cup donated by Mr. F. H. Behring for best exhibit of Kentucky bred poultry; specials by the Southdown, Hampshire and Oxford Sheep Record Association for exhibits of pure-bred sheep they respectively champion; and the American Angora Goat Breeders' Association special for the best flock of registered Angora kids.

In the cattle departments the money consideration for specials is the greatest and the classification most extensive. The American Shorthorn Breeders' Association and the American Hereford Cattle Breeders' Association have each donated \$750 for pure bred cattle of these respective breeds, one-half to be given in open competition and one-half to cattle owned by Kentucky exhibitors. These offers were made on condition that the State Fair management would set apart \$1,000 in premiums for each of these breeds, which was done, thereby making a total of \$1,750 for each breed. This is the largest amount ever offered for either Shorthorns or Herefords at any state fair or exposition south of the Ohio river, and perhaps equals the aggregate prize money at any exhibition in America this year with the exception of the national breed shows. The Polled Durham Association of America renews its offer of \$100 in special prizes for Polled Durhams. The American Aberdeen Angus Breeders' Association, for the first time in several years, comes forward with a very liberal offer of \$200 in specials for its breed. As a very gratifying innovation in the prize list, the Dairy Cattle Department contains some valuable specials. Through the generous liberality of the Holstein-Friesian Association of America, the State Fair management has been enabled to double the amount of prize money for this dairy breed and to place its classification almost on a par with the Jersey, which has been the favorite dairy

breed in the south ever since its importation to this country, and the Kentucky Jersey cattle club will give a cup valued at \$50.00 for the best Jersey herd of one bull and four heifers under one year old, bred by a Kentucky exhibitor. There are also numerous specials offered by Hon. M. C. Rankin, commissioner of agricultural departments, the most prominent of which are for county exhibits, \$150,000 being offered for the best and largest display of farm, garden and orchard products. This has been a very interesting and educational feature at many of the leading state fairs for a number of years and will undoubtedly prove a success and boon to agricultural interest of Kentucky.

Superintendents of Departments at the Kentucky State Fair.

As usual, most experienced and capable superintendents of departments have been appointed. R. H. Lillard, of Lawrenceburg, has for the third time been chosen superintendent of the horse department, and William Simmons, of Shepherdsville, will again be in charge of the mule exhibit. W. R. Moorman, Jr., of Glendene, is superintendent of beef cattle and Edgar Vaughn, of Shelbyville, will for the eighth consecutive year be superintendent in the dairy cattle department. Other superintendents reappointed, are Colonel H. L. Igleheart, of Morganfield, swine department; W. B. Middleton, of Shelbyville, sheep and goats; John H. Good, of Louisville, poultry and pigeons; H. C. Lovelace of Boston, field seed and grain; H. M. Froman, of Ghent, tobacco; Miss Evelyn Porter, of Louisville, woman's department; G. P. Rogers, of Smithland, farm implements and machinery; Prof. J. J. Hooper, of Lexington, students' judging contest, and H. L. Smyser, of Lyndon, speed department. Chas. Sholtz, Jr., of Louisville, is superintendent of vegetables and melons; Henry S. Adams, Eminence, of Horticulture; W. E. Bibb, North Pleasureville, of plants and flowers; and Lucien Beckner, Winchester, of minerals and forestry. The assistant superintendents have also been named: for poultry and pigeons, W. B. Buford, of Nicholasville, and Robert H. Young, of Louisville; for vegetables and melons, J. A. Peake, Livia; for field seed and grain, Geo. D. Karsner, of Lexington; for horticulture, M. P. Johnson, of Buechel; for woman's department, Miss Eva McGrew, of Bayou, and Miss Alice Porter, of Louisville.

Heads of Departments of the Kentucky State Fair.

There are eighteen exhibit departments, which have been placed under the head of the various members of the state board of agriculture as follows: M. C. Rankin, of Frankfort, poultry and pigeons, plants and flowers and students' judging contest; Prof. M. A. Scovall of Lexington, beef cattle, dairy cattle and collied dogs; G. N. McGrew, of Bayou, woman's department, farm implements and machinery, manufactured products; H. M. Beard, of Hardinsburg, sheep and goats and vegetables and melons; Guthrie M. Wilson, Bradstown, horses, mules and jack stock, speed department; Caldwell Norton, Louisville, swine; Desha Breckenridge, Lexington, education and art; William Addams, of Cynthia, field seed and grain and tobacco; Fred R. Blackburn, Stanton, horticulture, forestry and minerals.

Kentucky State Fair Races.

Horse racing will be a greater attraction than ever at the State Fair this year. At last year's fair it was demonstrated that a successful harness race meeting could be held on these grounds. The popularity of the sport was never more pronounced. Unusually fast time was made on the new half-mile track which has come to be regarded as one of the best half-mile courses in America. At the meeting last year the grand stand and the grounds adjacent to it were thronged by a surging mass of humanity every afternoon, eager to see every heat in every race, and not until the summary of the last race was hung up did the interest cease or enthusiasm dwindle.

The Kentuckians by nature has a fondness for horse racing. An opportunity for seeing his favorite sport will not be denied him at this year's fair. The early closing events show the largest list of entries ever recorded at the State Fair. These events are known as the Louisville Retail Merchants Association stake for 2:21 pacers, the Louisville Commercial Club stake for 2:20 trotters, and the Kentucky Brewers Association stake for 2:20 trotters. In addition to the stake races, there will be six purse and four gentlemen's road races. Purse entries close Sept. 6th. Entries for the cup race at twelve o'clock noon, the day before the race. The stake races will be on the three in five heat plan and the purse races on the two in three heat plan. There will also be two running races each day. This is destined to become one of the most popular training tracks in the country. This meeting fits into a very convenient circuit by following the Indiana State Fair and proceeding the Tennessee State Fair which is the initial meeting of the southern circuit of fairs and trotting meetings. The success of this year's meeting is already assured by the excellent list of stake entries, and the management is quite confident that all the purse races will fill satisfactorily.

For catalog, entry blank or other information, write J. W. Newman, Secretary, 320 Paul Jones Building, Louisville, Ky.

POLLY of the CIRCUS.

BY MARGARET MAYO.

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CHAPTER XIII.

JIM was slow tonight. The big show was nearly over, yet many of the props used in the early part of the bill were still unloaded.

He was tinkering absentmindedly with one of the wagons in the back lot, and the men were standing about idly waiting for orders when Barker came out of the main tent and called to him sharply.

"Hey, there, Jim! What's your excuse tonight?"

"Excuse for what?" Jim crossed slowly to Barker.

"The cook tent was started half an hour late, and the sideshow top ain't loaded yet."

"Your wagons is on the bum; that's what! No. 38 carries the cook tent, an' the blacksmith has been tinkering with it all day. Ask him what shape it's in."

"You're always stallin'," was Barker's sullen complaint. "It's the wagons or the blacksmiths or anything but the truth. I know what's the matter, all right."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Jim sharply.

"I mean that all your time's took up a-carryin' and a-fetchin' for that girl what calls you 'Muvver Jim.'"

"What have you got to say about her?" Jim eyed him with a threatening look.

"I got a plenty," said Barker as he turned to snap his whip at the small boys who had stolen into the back lot to peek under the rear edge of the big top. "She's been about as much good as a sick cat since she come back. You saw her act last night."

"Yes," answered Jim doggedly.

"Wasn't it punk? She didn't show at all this afternoon; said she was sick. And me with all them people inside what knowed her waitin' to see her?"

"Give her a little time," Jim pleaded. "She ain't rode for a year."

"Time!" shouted Barker. "How much does she want? She's been back a month, and instead of bracin' up she's a-gettin' worse. There's only one thing for me to do."

"What's that?" asked Jim uneasily.

"I'm goin' to call her, and call her hard."

"Look here, Barker," and Jim squared his shoulders as he looked steadily at the other man, "you're boss here, and I takes orders from you, but if I catches you abusin' Polly your bein' boss won't make no difference."

"You can't bluff me," shouted Barker. "I ain't bluffin'. I'm only tellin' you," said Jim very quietly.

"Well, you tell her to get on to her job. If she don't, she quits; that's all."

He hurried into the ring. Jim took one step to follow him, then stopped and gazed at the ground with thoughtful eyes. He, too, had seen the change in Polly. He had tried to rouse her. It was no use. She had



"Star gazin', Polly?" he asked.

looked at him blankly. "If she would only complain," he said to himself; "if she would only get mad, anything, anything to wake her." But she did not complain. She went through her daily routine very humbly and quietly. She sometimes wondered how Jim could talk so much about her work, but before she could answer the question her mind drifted back to other days, to a garden and flowers, and Jim stole away unmixed and left her with folded hand and wide, staring eyes, gazing into the distance.

The memory of these times made Jim helpless tonight. He had gone on hoping from day to day that Barker might not notice the "let down" in her work, and now the blow had fallen. How could he tell her?

One of the acts came tumbling out of the main tent. There was a moment's confusion as clowns, acrobats and animals passed each other on their way to and from the ring; then the lot cleared again, and Polly came slowly from the dressing tent. She looked very different from the little girl whom Jim had led away from the parson's garden in a simple white frock one month before. Her thin, pensive face contrasted oddly with her glittering attire. Her hair was knotted high on her head and intertwined with flowers and jewels. Her slender neck seemed scarcely able to support its burden. Her short, full skirt and low cut bodice were ablaze with white

and colored stones.

"What's on, Jim?" she asked. "The 'leap of death.' You got plenty of time."

Polly's mind went back to the girl who answered that call a year ago. Her spirit seemed very near tonight. The band stopped playing. Barker made his grandiloquent announcement about the wonderful act about to be seen, and her eyes wandered to the distant church steeple. The moonlight seemed to shun it tonight. It looked cold and grim and dark. She wondered whether the solemn bell that once called its flock to worship had become as mute as her own dead heart. She did not hear the whir of the great machine inside the tent as it plunged through space with its girl occupant. These things were a part of the daily routine, part of the strange, vague dream through which she must stumble for the rest of her life.

Jim watched her in silence. Her face was turned from him. She had forgotten his presence.

"Star gazin', Polly?" he asked at length, dreading to disturb her reverie.

"I guess I was, Jim." She turned to him with a little, forced smile. He longed to save her from Barker's threatened rebuke.

"How you feelin' tonight?"

"I'm all right," she answered cheerfully.

"Anything you want?"

"Want?" She turned upon him with startled eyes. There was so much that she wanted that the mere mention of the word had opened a well of pain in her heart.

"I mean can I do anything for you?"

"Oh, of course not." She remembered how little any one could do.

"What is it, Polly?" he begged, but she only turned away and shook her head with a sigh. He followed her with anxious eyes. "What made you cut out the show today? Was it because you didn't want to ride afore folks what knowed you—ride afore him mebbe?"

"Him?" Her face was white. Jim feared she didn't swoon. "You don't mean that he was?"

"Oh, no," he answered quickly, "of course not. Parsons don't come to places like this one. I was only figurin' that you didn't want other folks to see an' to tell him how you was ridin'."

"Was that it, Polly?" he urged.

"I don't know." She stared into space.

"Was it?"

"I guess it was," she said after a long time.

"I knowed it!" he cried. "I was a fool to 'a' brung you back! You don't belong with us no more."

"Oh, don't, Jim! Don't! Don't make me feel 'a' in the way here too!"

"Here too?" He looked at her in astonishment. "You wasn't in his way, was you, Polly?"

"Yes, Jim." She saw his look of unbelief and continued hurriedly: "Oh, I tried not to be! I tried so hard. He used to read me verses out of a Bible about my way being his way and my people his people, but it isn't so, Jim. Your way is the way you are born, and your people are the people you are born with, and you can't change it. Jim, no matter how hard you try."

"You was changin' it," he answered savagely. "You was gettin' jes' like them people. It was me what took you away an' spoiled it all. You oughtn't to 'a' come. What made you after you said you wouldn't?"

She did not answer. Strange things were going through the mind of the slow witted Jim. He braced himself for a difficult question.

"Will you answer me somethin' straight?" he asked.

"Why, of course," she said as she met his gaze.

"Do you love the parson, Polly?" She started.

"Is that it?"

Her lids fluttered and closed; she caught her breath quickly, her lips apart, then looked far into the distance.

"Yes, Jim, I'm afraid that's it." The little figure drooped, and she stood before him with lowered eyes, unarmored. Jim looked at her helplessly, then shook his big, stupid head.

"Ain't that b—?"

It seemed such a short time to Jim since he had picked her up, a cooling babe, at her dead mother's side. He watched the tender, averted face. Things had turned out so differently from what he had planned.

"An' he don't care about you—like that?" he asked after a pause.

"No, not in that way." She was anxious to defend the pastor from even the thought of such a thing. "He was good and kind always, but he didn't care that way. He's not like that."

"I guess I'll have a talk with him," said Jim, and he turned to go.

"Talk?" she cried.

He stopped and looked at her in astonishment. It was the first time that he had ever heard that sharp note in her voice. Her tiny figure was stiffened with decision. Her eyes were blazing.

"If you ever dare to speak to him about me, you'll never see me again." Jim was perplexed.

"I mean it, Jim. I've made my choice, and I've come back to you. If you ever try to fix up things between him and me, I'll run away—really and truly away—and you'll never, never get me back."

He shuffled awkwardly to her side and reached apologetically for the little clinched fist. He held it in his big rough hand, toying nervously with the tiny fingers.

"I wouldn't do nothin' that you wasn't a-wantin', Polly. I was just a-tryin' to help you, only I—I never seem to know how."

She turned to him with tear dimmed eyes and rested her hands on his great, broad shoulders, and he saw the place where he dwelt in her heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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